



BLACK DOLLS

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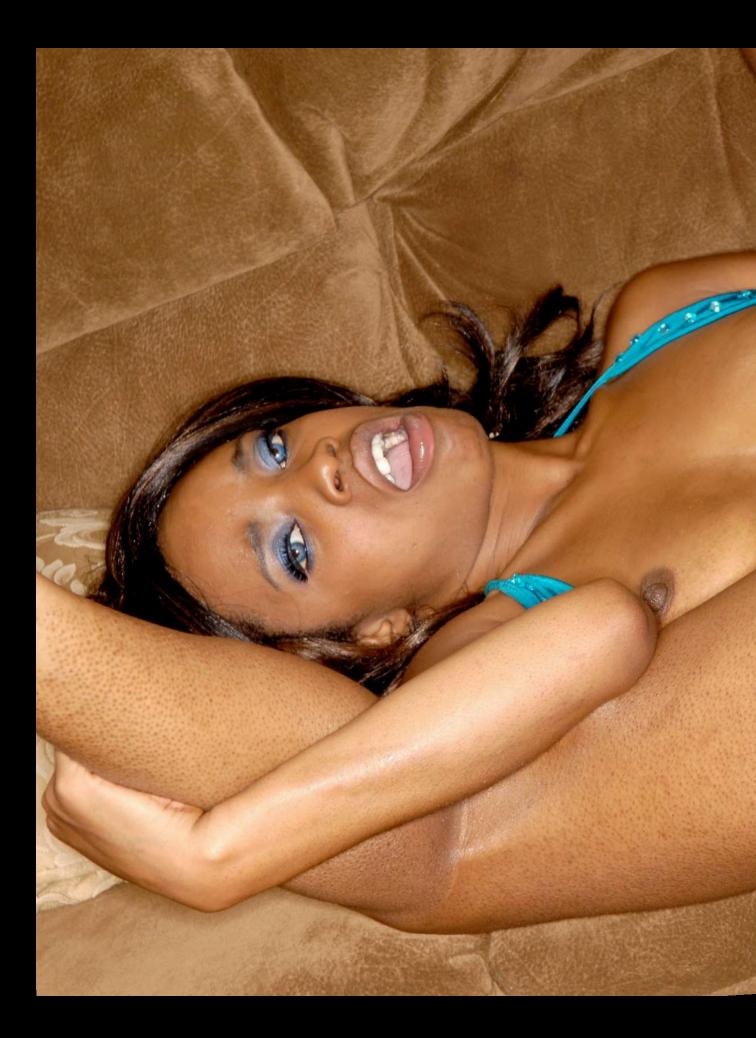








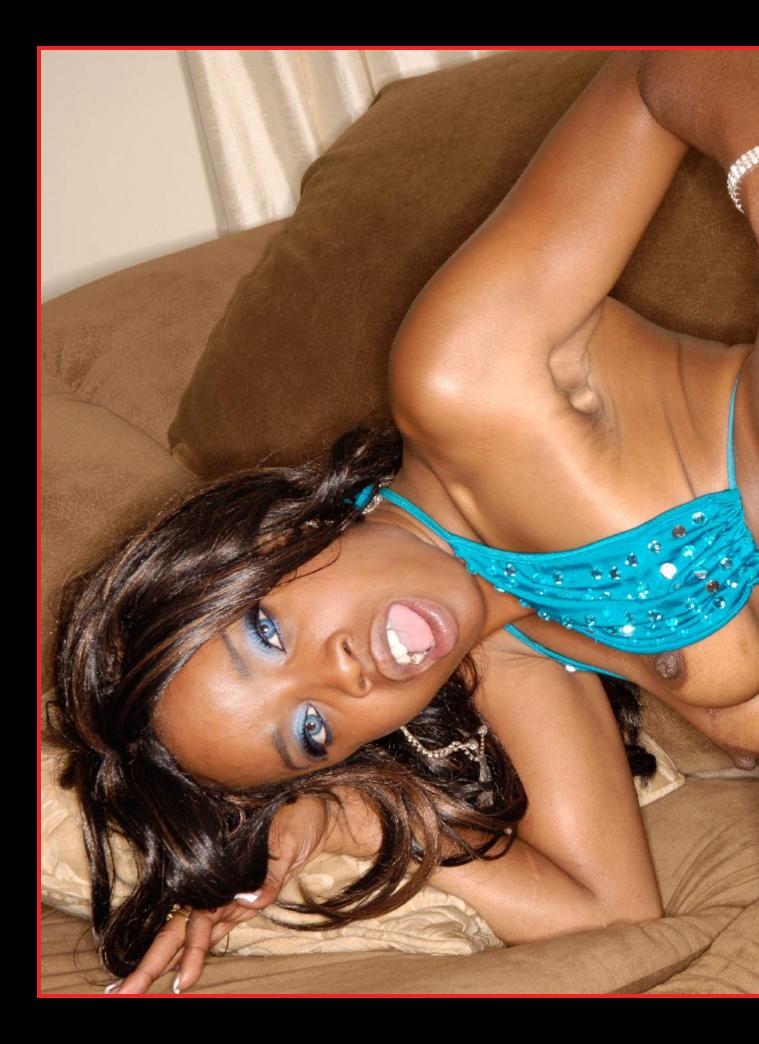




















CAMERON-LUYS THE HAMMER









Men look into my eyes and melt. I've got them captivated and then I reel them into my web. Modeling nude is a real turn on for me and much more exciting than I expected. Sure there's the time in front of the camer when nothing is happening as things get set up, but when they do, I'm ready and all over it.

My best orgasms cum when I'm having my clit sucked. Of course a big fat finger in me tickling my insides can really push me over the edge. And when I'm done, it's all about the cuddle!!!

























I'm also sassy, opinionated, a bitch, a sweetheart, your lover, and your worst nightmare. I'm your ex — asshole.

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Ed. – We received a letter from this lady, Laureena. We assume it was intended for us because, after much debate, we decided to print it. If for some reason it's intended for someone else, please contact us. We'd love to discuss it with you!



Speaking of hot, let me tell you about last Saturday night. I had made plans with my girlfriend Vanessa to go clubbing. However, earlier in the day, Vanessa called me to cancel. She hit me with some excuse about her mom being sick, but I figured she just wanted to spend some time with this new guy she was seeing. She was always telling me about how awesome his cock was, how it always found her g-spot, and how she was having the best orgasms of her life. That lucky bitch... I love her though, so I accepted her excuse and decided to go out later by myself. You never know what might happen!

Later that evening I was combing through my closet looking for just the right outfit, something that said, "Yes, there's a good chance I'd like you to take me home with you, AND I'm going to make you work for it." I'd pumped up a little Flo Rida on my phat stereo to help get me in the mood. After trying on six different outfits, nothing had the vibe I was looking for. Frustrated, I sat down on the couch right next to one of the speakers listening to the music while I awaited divine inspiration.

All of a sudden, I remembered movie scene where a girl sits on a speaker with the bass pumped up. The vibrations get the girl so twisted that she cums right on the speaker! The next thing I knew I was at the stereo fiddlin'

with the bass knob, turning it to HIGH. Thump! Thump! I hoped my downstairs neighbors were out as I took a speaker from its enclosure, placed it on the ground, and straddled it. Sure enough, the bass was pulsing right into my pussy and making my clit tingle. I shuddered and wasted no time sliding a

hand inside my red panties.

New, naughty experiences always get me wet with a quickness, and my speaker ride was no exception. My fingers toyed with my labia, pulling and teasing them oh so sensually. Soon, my clit was crying out for attention, and my pussy was begging to be filled with something, but I was in no

rush. My free hand reached up and pulled one of my breasts from my bra, my nipple hard and plump. Rhythmically, I massaged my titty, pinched my nipple, and diddled my pussy lips, all in unison with the bass that was now threatening to vibrate me apart. I wondered how many women had actually

tried this, finally succumbing to my desire and wantonly slipping my middle finger deep inside my wetness while my moistened thumb encircled my engorged clitty.

Flo Rida doing his thang and I mine, I was drifting into a pornographic fantasy about grinding hot and heavy with a hot player at the club. His throbbing meat pressing into me, his

tongue darting in, out, and around my ear, my hands clawing into his back holding on for dear life...

Absent-mindedly, I groped for the volume knob and turned up the stereo. I freed my other tittie from my bra and skillfully took my nipple between my lips, sucking gently and flicking my tongue over the tip. Then I allowed another fin-

...as I passed by my new neighbor I let my other hand trail innocently across his hardening cock.

ger to join the party in my pussy, enjoying the extra thickness. Now, the player was locking the door of the bathroom and lifting me up onto the counter. Magically, his pants were around his ankles as, in one motion, he spread my legs and buried his impressive member deep inside me. I moaned loudly,

the door. To my surprise, it wasn't one of my downstairs neighbors as I was expecting. It was someone I'd never seen before, a beautiful specimen of a man who introduced himself as my new neighbor two doors down.

I stammered out an apology,



and in my fantasy I begged the player to fuck me harder.
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

I was rudely jarred from my ribaldry by a series of aggravated knocks at my front door. Reality returned and I quickly turned down the stereo and ran to the bedroom for a robe. I popped my titties back into their enclosure and ran a brush through my hair a few times. BANG! BANG! BANG! "Fuck," I thought. "They must have been home downstairs. I hope there's some way I can explain this." I forced a smile and opened

something about setting the mood for my upcoming evening out. He explained that he was a med student and that he was studying for a big exam. I could tell he was pissed off, and still flustered and not wanting to have bad blood so close by I asked him if he wanted to come in for a cup of coffee.

To my surprise he accepted, saying that he was just thinking about making some himself. Relieved, I led him into my apartment. As we crossed through the living room into the kitchen I saw him eye the speaker on the ground and

curiously sniff the air. "Oh shit," I thought, figuring he was probably catching a whiff of my aromatic pussy juices. And, in my rush to get the door, I had forgotten to wash my hands. I moved quickly into the cramped kitchen to wash my hands and prepare the coffee.

He introduced himself as Garrett and we made small talk about the apartment building, the weather, and his studies while we waited for the coffee to brew. I kept catching Garrett's eyes drifting to the opening in my robe that exposed my cleavage, though I'm sure he thought he was being sly. My hormones were still in overdrive and pussy was still wet, and given my recent fantasy I enjoyed his "extra" attention. I squeezed past him to get a couple of mugs.

As I did, I accidentally brushed my tits up against his chest, catching my robe and opening it, further exposing my breasts. His eyes didn't miss a beat, widening as they clearly enjoyed the view. I looked back at Garrett and smiled, nonchalantly fixing my robe. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a little extra bulge in the crotch of his jeans. I grabbed the mugs in one hand, and as I passed by my new neighbor I let my other hand trail innocently across his hardening cock.

"Oh, excuse me," I said, setting the mugs down on the table and flipping my hair. His attention now



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Garrett grunted and pumped me deeper, gyrating his hips and sending me further into a state of ecstasy.

locked, his eyes gleamed, seemingly waiting for me to make the next move. A surge of energy flew through me.

I stepped closer to Garrett, simultaneously firmly placing a hand on his cock and whispering in his ear my real reasons for the loud bass. As I spoke I traced his hardness with my fingers, figuring he'd either tell me to fuck off or fuck me. Either way, I was on sacral autopilot and couldn't stop myself. To my immense pleasure Garrett responded by pulling open my robe and dropping it to the ground. The sight of my lingerie-clad body was making his cock pulse in my hand. The whole situation had me so horny I didn't waste any time in liberating him from all obstructions to his sweet meat.

My hand latched onto his fuck stick and pumped it vigorously. All I could think of was Garrett cumming deep inside me. He must have had the same idea. In one slick move Garrett spun me around, pulled off my panties, and lifted me up onto the kitchen table. I reached back and undid the clasp on my bra, my breasts

spilling forth in a glorious display. Garrett helped himself to one, and I grabbed his cock and pulled it toward my pussy, rubbing his cockhead against my labia.

"Fuck me, now!" I commanded, pulling him further into me. Garrett silently agreed by plunging himself inside me. I sighed loudly as his cock buried itself to the hilt in my sopping pussy. Garrett took me by the hips and began fucking me with wild abandon, my boobs flopping all over the place. I dropped a hand downward and zeroed in on my hard clitty, fingering it like there was no tomorrow.

Breathlessly I moaned, "I want you to fill me with your cum, and I want it now." Garrett grunted and pumped me deeper, gyrating his hips and sending me further into a state of ecstasy. He held himself inside me for a couple seconds, and then continued pounding my pussy. In a flash, my orgasm rocketed through me, my sex quivering and convulsing, squeezing Garrett's cock for all it had.

That was all it took for him. Moaning, he exploded inside me, filling

my pussy with his seed. He pulled me to him tightly, and together we basked in orgasmic aftershock, tremoring until we'd finished our cumming. Well, needless to say I didn't make it to the club that evening and Garrett didn't get much more studying done.

We enjoyed a cup of coffee, and then ravaged my couch, my bed, and my shower. Later, I told him that he had fortuitous timing and that I wasn't looking for anything serious. He told me that anytime I wanted a friendly visit to crank the bass and summon him, kinda like Spiderman...with an erection.

So if this letter has a moral, it's be kind to your neighbors – you never know when you might need a helping hand...er...cock!

– Laureena in Dallas

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Alana is a rapper-dancer-pornstar but not necessarily in that order. There's only one problem with this scenario and that's the travel. "I love everything I do, but right now I have to do it in two different places, so it's a lot of airplane miles between Atlanta and Los Angeles. For a while there, I was doing it once a week. Travel, that is!"





















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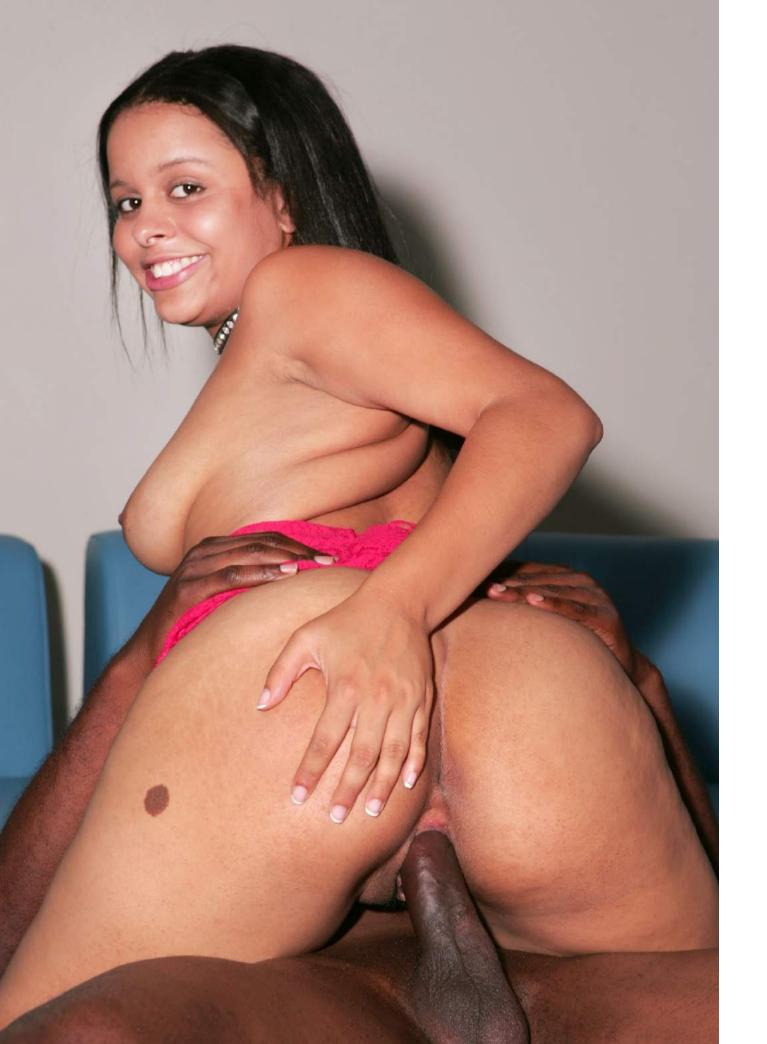












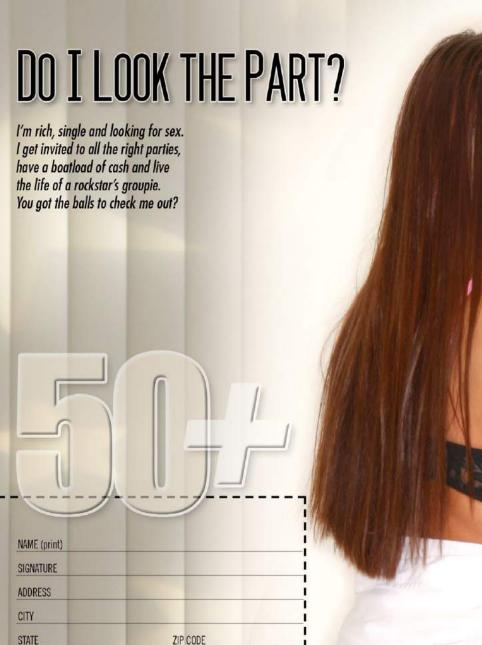












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I came to the aid of a damsel in distress and she thanks me for it!

pussy is a man's best friend

Life in Los Angeles can be very exciting at times. At other times it's boring and repetitious. I had been going to the same Italian Restaurant on Le Cienega Boulevard in L.A. for several years. The food was okay, not great, but the people that came in were always interesting. I would go at different hours because my job as a cab driver didn't have regular hours. One night I get there at about eleven in the evening when a great looking chick walks in, followed by some guy that seemed pretty upset.

They sat at the booth right behind me and occasionally I would get an earful of their

conversation. It turns out they had just divorced and they were still bickering over custody of the dogs. The courts had awarded her all of them, but he wanted the two big ones. She wanted all to keep all of them. I ordered dinner and they just were just having drinks. Not a great idea, I thought, when you're having a spat with someone. That's how things escalate very quickly – and they did here, too.

The two got so loud that the manager had to come over and tell them to cool it or get out. They slowed down for a minute and I was able to finish my dinner in relative quiet. As I was waiting for my check they had one last big blow up. The guy got out of the booth, came over to her side and pointing his finger at her decided that she should walk home because he was not going to take her back. She could keep the damn dogs. He huffs out of the restaurant and I hear her quietly cursing him under



her breath. I get up to pay the check, pausing at her table to ask if she's okay. That I was in the booth behind them and couldn't help but hear most of their conversation. She apologized for their loudness interrupting my dinner and the restaurant.

I introduced myself as Noah and she said her name was Machelle. I gave a smile and asked how was she going to get home. She said she didn't know and slumped down in the booth. I asked if I could sit with her for a while until she composed herself and she said she didn't care. I took that to mean I could and put my ass in the seat across from

her. I didn't say much after first sitting down, but did notice that she was a real cutie with long black hair, a sexy mouth, a beautiful mocha complexion, and huge boobs that looked like she tried to keep tied down. Her blouse was tight across them as they strained against the fabric. But I tried to keep my eyes up and not embarrass myself further. I tried little bits of strained conversation, cracking a joke here and there.

Slowly, I think I wore her down and she started looking up at me more and more and laughing once in a while. We sat for about twenty minutes when again, I offered her a ride home explaining that I had a 4 am call time for my shift the next day. Reluctantly she accepted and we went out to my car. As she slid into the car seat, her skirt slid up revealing even more of her legs. As we rode we talked and I found out that she was an ex-stripper, giving it up for a good paying job. I told her I was sorry I

I didn't say much after first sitting down, but did notice that she was a real cutie with long black hair, a sexy mouth, a beautiful mocha complexion, and huge boobs that looked like she tried to keep tied down.

had never seen her dance. In fact, the thought of seeing her on a stage naked gave me a slight hard on. When we arrived at her house she felt secure enough to invite me in for a drink. As she opened the door six yapping mutts attacked her and sniffed me out. I tried to sit on the sofa as she poured two drinks. Mine was a Snapple and hers was half a glass of wine.

She had told me that she just received her vet's license. We sat and talked after the dogs settled down. She confessed that she she missed the freedom of stripping. It was hard for her to maintain a rigid schedule that her vet job now demanded. She liked the big money and constant attention. I told her that I'd never been to a strip club or had a lap dance. She laughed and said I was the first guy she met that hadn't seen a stripper. I listened and watched as she poured herself a second glass. She then excused herself and went into the bedroom, coming out a moment later with her shirt unbuttoned and her bra off.

She said her boobs needed releasing. They get sore being holstered all day and started rubbing them to feel better. Then she asked if I would like to see her dance. I would have been a fool to say no.

She stood up and moved to the middle of the room. Slowly she took off her blouse to the beat of the music. She wore some sexy laced black panties that she played with as she pranced around the floor. "I wish I had a pole to work with." She said. I started to get a erection again as she leaned to me and bounced her breasts near my face. She looked down and noticed the bulge in my pants, and noticed me noticing it.

"Don't be embarrassed," she cooed. That's what's supposed to happen." I took a pillow and put it in my lap. She came over and yanked it off and backed off running her hands along her thin waist up to her tits pushing

them together. She glided over to the sofa again, and offered her boobs for me to touch. I reached up and she moved forward putting one of her nipples right into my mouth. While I was sucking on it, she unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off, running her hands over my chest. Machelle pulled back and started to remove her panties. She turned and pulled her panties all the way down. Her ass was firm and well rounded and she shook it to the



music. Her moves were really sexy, but I noticed a few missteps that the alcohol had contributed to. When she turned, she pumped her hip my way as if offering me her pussy. I couldn't help but to notice how she kept her pussy hairs trimmed to a short landing strip.

By now my cock was harder than ever and she kept looking at the bulge in my pants. I reached my arms out and she came over to me. I put my hands on the cheeks of her ass and pulled her pussy to my face. She started to grind her hips as I let my tongue part her labia and slip inside her tasting her love juices. Machelle pulled back and unfastened my pants, as she pulled them off, my stiff rod sprung up. She reached down and took my cock in her hand, as she stroked it a drop of pre-cum developed on the tip. She lowered her head with her tongue out and licked it off. She slowly took the head into her mouth, working more and more of it in as she sucked. I watched

I started to get a erection again as she leaned to me and bounced her breasts near my face. She looked down and noticed the bulge in my pants, and noticed me noticing it.

as my dick disappeared into her mouth, then she lifted her head letting my cock almost all the way out only to suck it back in again. She backed off me and laid on the floor and pushed her boobs together.

I got up and lowered myself on her resting my hard cock between her tits. She grabbed it and pushed her boobs tight around it. I started to fucking her boobs, letting my

dick slide between them as I played with her hard nipples. I looked down at Machelle as she stuck her tongue out and licked the tip of my cock every time it slid up.

She pulled her legs up so I could get to her pussy a lot easier. My tongue now found her love bud, I toyed with it letting my tongue flick over it then sucking it in between my lips. As I sucked at her pussy, I inserted my finger into her. I reached my other hand around and started to probe her asshole, this made her movements grow faster. As I slid my finger deeper into her ass I could feel her muscles tighten up, soon I had my finger all the way in her ass. I couldn't believe how easy it slid into her. There we were on the floor I was pumping my dick in her mouth a finger and tongue in her pussy and a finger up her ass. As I pumped her mouth her movements grew rapid under me I knew her time was near when she wrapped her legs around my head. My cock was starting

to throb now, I started to pump faster and faster and she sucked harder until I unloaded in her mouth. I slowly pulled my finger out of her ass, then out of her pussy.

We rolled on our sides, my now limp cock still in her mouth and my mouth still sucking her pussy. As my dick slipped out of her mouth she turned around, our lips met and we engaged in a long tongue teasing kiss. We laid on

the floor and kissed as I played with her breasts again until her nipples were hard as rocks. Machelle reached down and toyed with my dick as I took one nipple in my mouth and sucked it hard. As Machelle played with my cock it grew hard again, and when it was stiff she rolled me on my back. As I laid there with my pole straight up, Machelle straddled me, guiding my hard rod into her still wet pussy. It slid right in and she started to rock back and forth letting my cock slide in and out of her.

Suddenly, she stopped all her movements and rolled off me. She got on all fours and looked back at me with

big, inviting eyes. Before I could do anything, a couple of her dogs came over and started sniffing my privates and hers. She shooshed them away and they sulked off, back to their four-legged companions. Then, I positioned myself behind her and slid my cock into her pussy from the back, letting the tip rub her love bud a few times. As I pumped her she took my balls in her hand and played with them. Then I pulled my cock out and lined the head up with her asshole, the moisture from her pussy was enough to let me slide into her easily. She moaned as I drove my cock deep into her, she started to rock to meet my pumps. We stayed at this until three in the morning and I forced myself to leave because I did not want to lose my job. After I got off work that day, I took my puppy to get it checked out at her clinic even though there was nothing wrong with it. I asked for her as my vet and, after a moment and a few hints, she remembered who I was! Woof! Woof!

As I laid there with my pole straight up, Machelle straddled me, guiding my hard rod into her still wet pussy. It slid right in and she started to rock back and forth letting my cock slide in and out of her.





"The say that good things cum in small packages and I'm one really good thing. I like the feeling of a big cock in me, pushing hard against my pussy walls. But no matter how big he is, it goes back to being tight."













































































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CAREN CAAN AND CAREN MILL

"When I was younger, I snuck a guy into my bedroom at the sorority house. Everything was going fine. We were sixty-nining, doing it doggy and even trying a little soft bondage tied to the bedposts. Then the sorority mother walked in on us and kicked me out of the house. I didn't know they had a no-sex policy."

"Well, that actually turned out to be a good thing because I moved in with him and fucked his brains out every day for a full month. Then basketball season started and he was done with sex and I was done with him."



































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